"Turn over the pages at random, and you are sure to come on something laughable that you have not seen and are grateful for; or that you have forgotten and are glad to be reminded of. 'M.P.'s in Session' is worth all the money to anybody; but to those who are familiar with the figures of the people's representatives, it is simply a fountain of glee."—Pall Mall Gazette.

MR. PUNCH'S

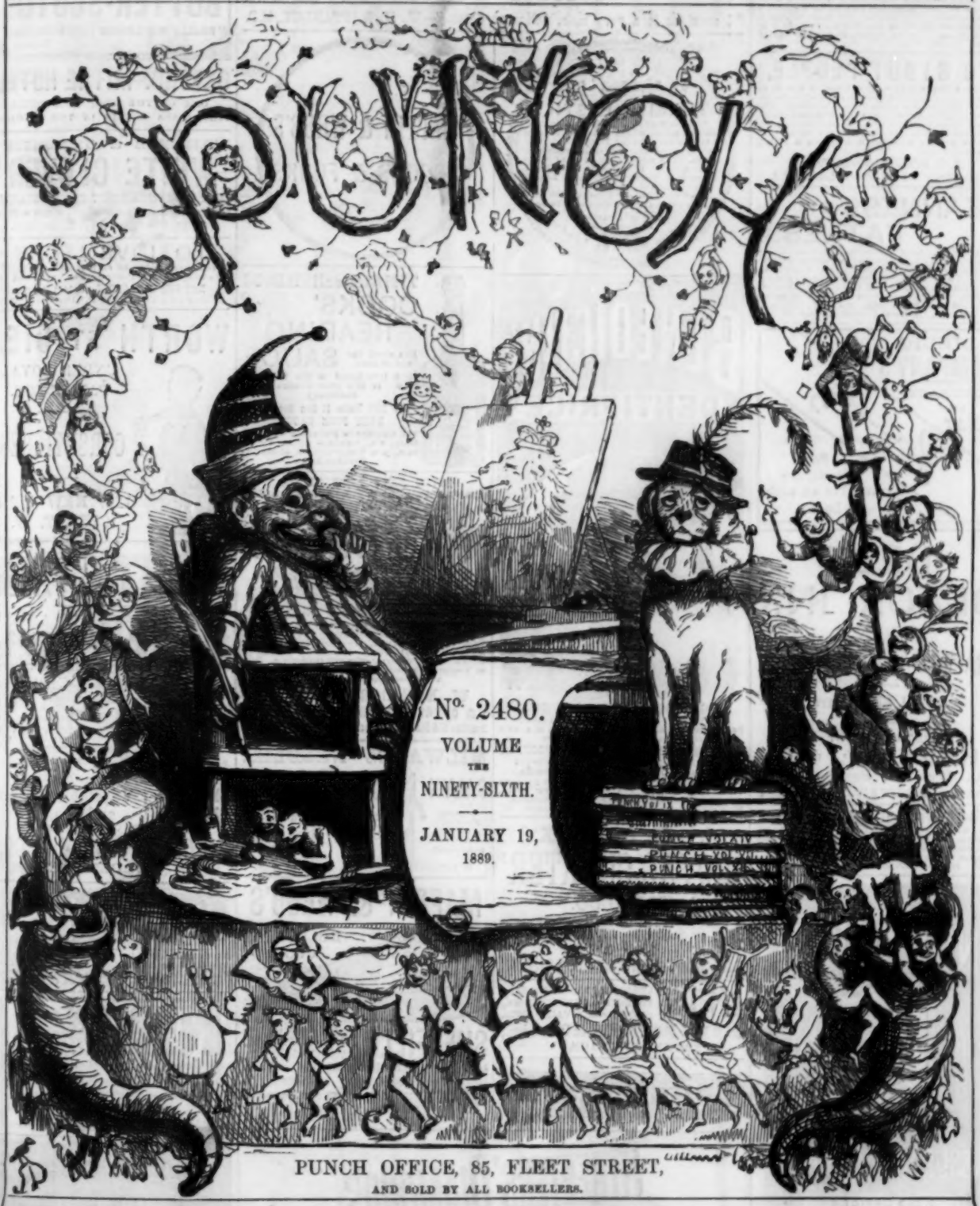
M.P.'S IN SESSION

By HARRY FURNISS.

An Edition in a very handsome cloth binding is published this day, price Six Shillings.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PUNCH



PRICE THREE PENCE.

No. 2480.

VOLUME THE NINETY-SIXTH.

JANUARY 19, 1889.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

CHOCOLAT MENIER FOR BREAKFAST.

"OUR NEIGHBOURS."
PARTRIDGE & COOPER,
"THE" STATIONERS,
192, FLEET STREET.

THE MATRIMONIAL HERALD AND FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE GAZETTE is the original and only recognised medium for High-Class Introductions. The largest and most successful Matrimonial Agency in the World. Prospectus, in envelope, 4½d.—Address, Secretary, 69, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.
SUNDAY TIMES says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to eradicate, to cure the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes does NOT LOWER, BUT BRACES UP AND TONES THE SYSTEM." Book (116 pages) with recipe and notes how to pleasantly and rapidly cure OBESITY (average reduction in first week is 7 lbs.), post free 9 stamps.
F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House,
Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

LEANNESS or FATNESS.
The investigations of a German Physician, of deep scientific research, in reducing corpulency without the slightest danger, have led to the further discovery of a means of putting flesh on thin persons, and general development of figure, except in local atrophy. Either pamphlet, in English, free for one stamp.—State if fat or lean. Manager, Chromberg Institute, 113, Regent Street, London, W.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT
J. Liebig
See Signature in Blue on each Label.

BEST BLACK INK KNOWN.
DRAPER'S INK (DICHROÏC).
Of all Stationers.
LONDON DEPOT:
HAYDEN & CO.,
10, Warwick Square, E.C.
Manufacturers, BEWLEY & DRAPER, Ltd., Dublin.

HOOPING COUGH.—ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION. The celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. Edwards & Son, 157, Queen Victoria Street (formerly of 67, St. Paul's Churchyard). Sold by most Chemists. Price 2s. per bottle.

NORTHERN
FIRE LIFE
ESTAB° 1836
ASSURANCE COMPANY
HEAD OFFICES
LONDON & ABERDEEN
ACCUMULATED FUNDS 1888 £3,421,000.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE COCOA
"I consider it a very rich, delicious Cocoa."—W. H. R. STANLEY, M.D.

PIESSE & LUBIN PERFUMERY FACTORS
TURKISH PASTILS
"Through all my travels few things astonished me more than seeing the Beauties of the Harem smoking Narghilés at 10am. After smoking a sweet aromatic Pastil is used, which imparts an odour of flowers to the breath. I have seen these Pastils but once in Europe, at PIESSE & LUBIN'S shop."—Lady W. Montague.
Ladies who admire a "Breath of Flowers" should take a Pastil night and morning.
TO BE OBTAINED OF ALL Perfumers and Druggists
2 New Bond St London

MAPPIN & WEBB'S SPOONS & FORKS

THE LANCET
BENEDICTIN'S ELIXIR DENTIFRICE
LIQUID POWDER & PASTE

DELIGHTFUL TO USE.
PREVENTS DECAY OF THE TEETH.
Purifies the Breath. Leaves the mouth in a state of delicious and durable freshness.
Gold Medals—PARIS, BRUSSELS, LONDON, &c.
World-famed Preparations of the Reverend Benedictine Fathers of Soulac (Gironde).
ELIXIR DENTIFRICE, 2s., 4s. 6d., and 8s.; TOOTH POWDER, 1s. 6d., 2s., and 3s. 6d.; TOOTH PASTE, 1s. 6d. and 2s. From all Perfumers or Chemists. Wholesale only: 31, Frith Street, London, W.

M. & R. PEACOCK'S
'ROYAL CHARTER'
TOBACCO.
A Choice Quality, to be had in Packets Only, of Tobacconists, &c., or from the Manufactory,
542, KINGSLAND ROAD, LONDON.

LIFTS | LUGGAGE, PASSENGER, &c. For HOTELS, MANSIONS, &c. DINNER and INVALID LIFTS.
CLARK, BUNNETT & CO., Lim.,
RATHBONE PLACE, W.

Dr. Ridge's Food.

TIME tries all THINGS
COCKS' READING SAUCE
Has stood the test of time.
First introduced to the Public in 1789. In this year celebrates its Centenary.
For 100 Years it has been the BEST FISH SAUCE.
The Genuine is Protected by Trade Mark, viz., CHARLES COCKS' Signature, on a White Ground, across the Reading Arms.

SEVEN FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.
HIGHEST AWARDS AT ALL INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.
THE CELEBRATED
WOLFF VIOLINS.

Best modern-made Violins. Grand tone, skilfully finished. Highly recommended by Senor Sarasate, Prof. Wilhelmj, Sivori, Leonhard, Pollitzer, and many other great artists. Introduced in most of the European Conservatories and Orchestras. List of Testimonials and Prices post free to all Agents throughout the Kingdom, and of
W. KONIGSBERG & CO.,
1 & 2, CHISWELL STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Genuine Old Italian Violins, from £10 and upwards.

MILWARDS' NEEDLES.
CALYX KRATT'S PATENT EYED
Observe the name Calyx-Eyed, and take none other.
THREAD WITHOUT THREADLINE.
Sample Packets on application.
WASHFORD MILLS, REDDITCH.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S

HOLLOW GROUND
SHEFFIELD RAZORS.
Post Free from 158, Oxford Street, W., and 18, Poultry, E.C., London, or from the Manufactory, Norfolk Street, Sheffield.
In Case Complete.
Black Handle ..... 6s. 6d.
Ivory Handle ..... 6s. 6d.
Far superior to all Foreign made Razors.

STREETERS' DIAMONDS
MOUNTED from £5 to £5,000
18 NEW BOND ST. W.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S CELEBRATED BUTTER-SCOTCH.
"REALLY WHOLESOME CONFECTIONERY." Lancet.

OXFORD.—MITRE HOTEL.
ONE OF THE MOST ECONOMICAL FIRST-CLASS HOTELS IN THE KINGDOM.

WHITAKER & GROSSMITH'S "WHITE CLOVER."
THE FAVOURITE SCENT OF THE SEASON.
2s. 6d. of Chemists, Perfumers, and Stores, or direct, 22, SILK STREET, CITY, LONDON.

TO INVENTORS.
If you have an idea for an invention, PATENT it for a trifling cost. Particulars and pamphlet free.
RAYNER & CASSELL, Patent Agents,
42, SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, LONDON.

WORTH ET CIE.,
UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

CORSETIÈRES.
134, NEW BOND STREET, W.

FRUIT TREES 74 Acres.
ROSES 20 Acres. BUSHES, 8s. doz. 60s. 100.
Packing and Carriage Free for Cash with Order.
ORNAMENTAL TREES, 91 Acres.
4 ACRES of GLASS.
CLEMATIS (80,000), 12s., 18s., and 24s. per doz.
ROSES (in Pots), from 15s. per doz.
SEEDS & BULBS } Vegetable, Flower, and Farm.
DESCRIPTIVE LISTS FREE.
RICHARD SMITH & CO., WORCESTER.

Goddard's Plate Powder
NON-MERCURIAL. The BEST and SAFEST ARTICLE for CLEANING SILVER, ELECTRO-PLATE, &c. FIVE GOLD MEDALS awarded. Sold everywhere. In Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

NUBIAN LIQUID WATERPROOF BLACKING

No brushes required. Applied with sponge attached to the cork. Gives a brilliant polish, equal to patent leather, to Boots, Shoes, Harness and Leather articles, which last a week in all weathers. Mud can be washed off and polish remains. Sold everywhere.

PETER F. HEERING'S COPENHAGEN GOLD MEDAL CHERRY BRANDY
ESTABL. 1818.

"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY!"

Mr. Punch (log.). "NOW, MY FINE FELLOWS, THIS IS HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU, ARMED, HUNTING IN THREES; YOU'LL BE EVEN WITH THE RASCALS, AND THEN A TASTE OF THIS WILL FINISH THE SCARE AS IT DID GARROTTING."

THE Burglar burgles on, and critics solemn
Expatiate on his doings by the column;
Meanwhile the brute gives sleeping law the slip.

First catch your burglar—MONRO's business that—
And, when you've caught him, give the [dog the cat—
That's *Mr. Punch's* tip!

A PROSPECT OF PEACE!

AT a meeting of the forces under the command of General BOOTH, lately held in St. James's Hall, Dr. CLIFFORD, President of the Baptist Association, desired to "express his sympathy with the new departure which the Salvation Army had taken." The majority of respectable people would certainly share in that sympathy if the new departure of the Salvation Army were a departure altogether, singing

"Never come back no more, boys;
Never come back no more.
We 're going away,
Away we will stay,
And never come back no more!"

Oh, that would be, indeed joyful, my dear brethren, and our Sundays in London and elsewhere would be tranquil, undisturbed by the belaboured drum, the tinkling cymbals—an objectionable form of "religious symbolism"—and the noisy brass of General BOOTH and all the Salvationist lads and lasses.

"POOR RICHARD!"—Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD, who has been *Dr. Jekyll*, and *Mr. Hyde*, and *Prince Karl*, is now, by Sir MORELL MACKENZIE's orders, going to give the public and himself a rest. Both Mr. MANSFIELD and the Public should be grateful to the eminent Doctor, and we trust that soon "RICHARD" will be "himself again"—*not Jekyll*, or *Hyde*, or *Karl*, when, as he announces, he will essay the light and airy part of *Richard the Third*. RICHARD playing *Richard*. Why doesn't he double-gloster the part with that of *Richmond*? *Hyde* and *Jekyll* would be nothing to this *tour de force*. "Perhaps I have it in my eye," says DICK, "*Dixi!*"

ECHO'S ANSWER.—"Does anybody ask what the Republic has done for France?" inquires the *St. James's Gazette*. Well, according to some, the answer would be a simple one—*Echo's* answer, in fact; viz., "The Republic *has* done for France"—completely.

THE TURBOT'S DIARY.

Off the North British Coast.—Well this is jolly. Here we are, hundreds of us, floundering away in shoals. Worth, I should think, about a penny a dozen. Talk about there being "as many good fish in the sea as ever came out of it"! Nonsense. The proverb ought to be altered. There are a good many more. Halloa! though,—what's this? Blest if it isn't a net, and what's more I'm in it. By Jove, it's a case. I'm caught.

On a Local Wheelbarrow.—Two or three score of us flung back into the sea again, just to keep up the price. A downright shame I call it. However, they want two shillings for me here, and as no one will give it (and quite right too), I'm packed off to London.

At Billingsgate.—Find I've got hopelessly into the "Ring." No chance of being sold at my real price, which, including railway charges, would even now be only about twopence a pound, but I've been consigned to a leading West-end fishmonger by an enterprising middleman, and goodness only knows what price they won't stick on me now. Wish I could open my mouth! Wouldn't I let 'em know what they really ought to pay for me.

On a Fishmonger's Slab in a Leading West-End Thoroughfare.—Here I am displayed along with some lobsters for which they are asking five shillings apiece—and which, I'll be bound didn't cost sevenpence! As for the price they've put on me, it's monstrous. If cut up, I'm to go for one and sixpence a pound, yet if they were to get rid of me at twopence-halfpenny they would still make a good profit. As to those red mullets at two shillings and sixpence apiece, and those oysters at four shillings a dozen, I wonder they 're not ashamed to be seen in the place; but I suppose, poor beggars, like me, they can't help themselves. Oh! if I could only speak!

On a Table in Mayfair.—Over at last! Dished up whole at a fashionable dinner-party of eighteen. Appear to have given satisfaction. But, what a swindle! Overheard the Cook say that the Fishmonger had priced me at one pound five! and my real price ought to have been one and ninepence. Downright robbery; that's what it is! Why don't the public take it up? But, there—I'm only a poor fish, and with the best will in the world—I can't help it!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Toilers of Babylon. This, as an unsensational novel, is among the best, if not quite the best of Mr. FARJEON's books up to now. The characters are original, the plot well-constructed and worked out, and there are no pages of dialogue that the accomplished novel-reader knows at a glance can be skipped without losing a single essential point. No skipper need take this in hand. It is interesting, and sufficiently absorbing without being unhealthily exciting. The dialogue is throughout easy, but never commonplace; the humour is unforced, and the pathos natural. The influence of DICKENS, the master, may be always seen in the work of one of his most apt disciples, and it is most happily evident when Mr. FARJEON does not labour, as he has done in the lighter chapters of some of his other novels, to be Dickensianly funny, but is spontaneously and quietly humorous. I strongly recommend it.

My faithful Co. has been spending a part of his vacation in reading *The Fairy History of England*, a companion volume to the *Fairy Geography*, published some time ago. He reports that he has been greatly entertained by the light touch of the author, and has, with the latter's aid, quite "rubbed up his knowledge." He says that, after reading this unconventional account of the darker pages of BRITANNIA's biography, he has felt himself in a position to hold his own in the company of his children, even when they begin discussing the invasion of JULIUS CÆSAR and the Battle of Hastings. Both events are recorded in a style that does not lack either humour or instructiveness. So far, the *Fairy History* extends only to the PLANTAGENETS, but he lives in hopes of seeing several other volumes in the near future.

BARON DE BOOK WORMS & Co.

STARS AND SPANGLES.—Yankee *Hamlet* and Company protest against the invasion of foreign Star Companies. Very natural, their country is sufficiently "star-spangled" already.

PROTECTION WANTED IN STAFFORDSHIRE.—German measles have come over, and are doing double the work that English measles can undertake in less time and at half the price.

LITTLE ROSEBERY'S SONG.

(With acknowledgments to the Author of "Little Buttercup.")

"It requires a great deal of energy to sweep anything."—*Lord Rosebery's Speech on County Councils.*

Little R. "PLEASE SPARE A VOTE FOR YOUR HONEST CITY CROSSING SWEEPER!"

Enter Little ROSEBERY, *with big broom in his hand.*

RECITATIVE.

HAIL, County Councillors, hope of the nation,
Who 'll help reform, and put down peculation!
Whate'er your Party, you can well afford
To welcome Little ROSEBERY at your Board.

ARIA.

For I 'm called Little ROSEBERY—smart Little ROSEBERY.
Some sneering Tories ask, "Why?"
But still I 'm called ROSEBERY—'cute Little ROSEBERY,
Sleek Little ROSEBERY, I!

Whate'er your opinions, in your new dominions
I hope you will deign to find room,
(Since streets in your keeping will need so much sweeping)
For me and my useful new broom.

My case is most critical; if on political
Grounds I your suffrages sought,
I fear at a handy date, I, as a candidate,
Likely to naught should be brought.

But who 'd ask his barber, "My friend, do you harbour
Or not, matrimonial desire?"
"I claim clear response, or you are not *my* tonsor."
Then why, friends, my Party require?

Me—"unemployed"? Oh, no! I labour *pro bono*
Er—*Publico*—yet I've *some* leisure,
And if you elect me, the task you expect me
To try I shall tackle with pleasure.

I am not a lackey, nor faddy, nor quacky,
I'll work for our big busy hive.
You see, Gents, my case is upon a broad basis,
For London, not Party, I'll strive.

A well-meaning "toff" is as worthy of office
As any good soul *not* a nob.
Public spirit I'd kindle, against knaves who swindle,
And rascals who rob and who job.

My broom, I may mention, will work for prevention
Of dirt piles—that's better than cure.
Sans Party or passion, I'll work in a fashion
True Sweeping Reform to ensure.

Then vote for your ROSEBERY—good Little ROSEBERY,
I have explained to you why;
So vote for your ROSEBERY—smart Little ROSEBERY;
Come Little ROSEBERY try!

Mr. Punch. Aye, Little ROSEBERY—and well called—for you're the roundest, the rosiest, and the raciest candidate in all the City.

Little Rosebery. Round, am I? and rosy—and racy? May be, for I have temper and humour! But hark ye, my merry friend—hast ever thought that beneath a gay and genial exterior there may lurk a force that is slowly but surely working its way to the very front?

Mr. Punch. Rather, my Little ROSEBERY. Here's success to your candidature; more power to your energetic elbow, and free play to your New Broom!

[*Gives him a vote, and exit.*

Supply and Demand.

THE unbounded resources of our Colonies receive fresh and novel testimony in an incident which REUTER telegraphs from Sydney. It appears that the Hon. J. H. WANT moved what was practically a Vote of Censure on the Government, which was carried on a division. "The Ministry," says REUTER, "consequently tendered their resignation to the Governor, who has sent for Mr. WANT." The Want was immediately supplied.

JONES FINDS HE CAN THROW MORE PASSION INTO THE LETTERS HE SENDS HIS BELOVED BY USING THE TYPE-WRITER.

SOME CANDID CANDIDATES.

To the Municipal Electors of the Sewer Hamlets.

ON presenting myself to the notice of this enlightened municipal constituency as a Candidate for the London County Council, I may perhaps be asked in what way I am specially qualified to serve the interests of the ratepayers. The question, however, shows a lack of appreciation of the true bearings of the matter. I can assure the electors that while incidentally I shall be happy to do what I can to benefit them, the interests which I intend principally to serve are my own. As a late Member of the Guzzlington Vestry, and a representative of the district in the Board of Works, I have consistently, and I think successfully, studied the art of providing snug little contracts for my personal friends, in addition to taking a fair share myself. Whenever there has been presented to me a choice between doing my duty or doing the ratepayer, I have unhesitatingly selected the latter alternative. "Self-help" is my motto, and accordingly, I have helped myself, whenever it has been practicable, to any little pickings that might be going. I shall attempt to follow exactly the same course if elected to the Metropolitan County Council, and I can only hope that the good sense of the constituencies will result in returning to that body as many members as possible who can claim to be, like myself, both in name and in spirit—especially the latter—complete and unmitigated Vestrymen. A. JOBBER.

To the Free and Independent Voters for the N. W. Slumshire County Council.

IN response to an influentially signed request, made by the farmers of the district—most of whom happen to be my own tenants—and the neighbouring clergy and gentry, I have consented to come forward as a Candidate for the Council of this part of the County. I see no reason why these new-fangled bodies should have been invented, but, as they have been, I think the proper sort of men should be elected as members. I entertain very strong opinions as to the necessity which exists of importing more hares and foxes into the country, and prohibiting farmers from using wire fencings. I also am of opinion that the rating of country mansions is absurdly high, considering the prices one has to pay nowadays for good hunters; and I would vote for all such expenses, as well as those of county education, asylums, paving, lighting, and highways, coming out of the pockets of the ratepayers of the nearest borough. Remissions of rent to farmers I theoretically approve of, when possible; but I think that "grants in aid" should be employed to compensate landlords for any loss of revenue they experience on this score. I may add that I shall be much surprised if anybody has the assurance to offer himself as a rival Candidate to myself. MOWBRAY DE BOOTS PROUDFOOT.

To the Same.

I OFFER myself for the County Council of this Division of the County because I am a Dissenter, and because religion has nothing whatever to do with the contest. I rely for getting in on the discontent of the labourers with things in general, and on the fact that there is a very large Anabaptist community in the various villages of the shire, who may be confidently counted upon to vote for anybody who will promise to have a slap at the Squires and Parsons whenever practicable. Of the details of County management I am absurdly ignorant; but I would pledge myself, if elected, to impose such a rate on country houses as would cause most of them to be at once shut up; and I am perfectly indifferent to whether or not such a state of things would mean loss of employment to hundreds of families in the counties, with corresponding increase of business to shop and hotel-keepers in London, Nice, Cannes, and elsewhere.

EBENEZER MUTTONED.

To the Electors of South Clamberwell.

I OFFER myself for the Metropolitan Council on a frank political basis. I am an out-and-out Democratic-Conservative-Radical-Unionist. I am aware that all enlightened citizens deprecate the intrusion of politics into these elections, and that if political considerations are allowed to be paramount, jobbery will flourish, and the ratepayers' interests will go to the wall. The Caucus of my party, however, are of opinion that it will look well if it can be said that a majority of the new Councillors belong to their own political persuasion, and they also believe that a distribution of future contracts among business men of the same party will tend to an increase of public virtue, and of Electors devoted to its views. As I happen to possess what is called local "influence," consisting of three breweries and a hundred public-houses in the district, the aforesaid Caucus has requested me to stand for the position which I unblushingly solicit at your hands. GUY PARTIMAN (*Ex-Col. 27th Free Lancers*).

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS title may need some explanation. It is *not* intended to imply that *Mr. Punch* has a private luminary all to himself. Great and truly distinguished as he is, he would scorn such ostentation, and is modestly content with precisely the same quality of moonshine as that, to quote a certain advertisement, "supplied to Dukes, Marquisses, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, and the Nobility and Gentry,"—to say nothing of humanity in general. Nevertheless, he conceives that the Moon is quite as much his as any other person's.

HANS ANDERSEN — as who needs to be reminded?—was, or represented himself as being, on sufficiently intimate terms with the Moon to be favoured with hints for many charming word-pictures, which, under the title of *What the Moon Saw*, have for many years delighted the world. It is true that the Moon herself disclaims any share in the authorship of these sketches, and it is, to say the least, suspicious that, according to the German text, ANDERSEN'S Moon should be represented as of the masculine gender. However this may be (and *Mr. Punch's* science and scholarship warn him from drawing too decisive conclusions from either circumstance), it struck him lately that a little tact and enterprise would enable him to secure the Moon as a contributor to his world-famous periodical. It is surprising, indeed, that this has not been already accomplished by the Editor of one or more of the high-priced Monthlies. *Thoughts on Solar Myths, by Her Serene Effulgence the Moon*, would certainly make a good appearance on the cover, and perhaps sell a second edition. But it has been left to *Mr. Punch* to secure her last New Year's Eve, through the agency of a powerful glass, and after negotiations which it would be tedious to detail. It is enough to say that the Moon behaved, at first, with characteristic modesty, professing her total unacquaintance with the art of literary composition—as if *that* were any valid objection!—and finally retreating behind a cloud with an apparent desire of evading further persecution. But *Mr. Punch* persevered, urging that all persons of light and leading were now engaged in furnishing the world with anecdotical reminiscences, and that from so exalted a source the smallest contributions would be thankfully received by him and by the Public.

Flattery overcame a resolution which was perhaps at no time intended to be final, and presently the Moon came coyly out again with a question respecting terms, which was satisfactorily answered.

And, in the end, she graciously consented to furnish these pages with the fruits of her unequalled opportunities for observing contemporary manners and customs. Many of her pictures it has been necessary to reluctantly suppress, for the Moon has witnessed much that could not be divulged in print without causing pain and inconvenience to a number of highly-respected individuals, and exposing *Mr. Punch* himself to legal proceedings of a harassing and expensive nature. Such of her revelations as follow will be found of an absolutely innocuous character, and might even be considered trivial and unimportant, did not the fact of their distinguished authorship impart a value and interest which, to be frank, would otherwise hardly be conceded to them.

FIRST EVENING.

"Last night," these were the Moon's own words, "last night I looked down through a rent in the canvas of a travelling menagerie. It was closed. Before the stove in the centre a grave and extremely respectable old stork was warming his wings thoughtfully, while a racoon fastened by a long chain to the centre pole was creeping up behind to nip one of his thin red legs. The great elephant at the end was swaying his unwieldy body from side to side behind his bar in an imbecile manner. Now and then a bird uttered a drowsy croak, or a jackal howled, as my rays stole through his bars; a sleepy snurring sound came from the cage where the lions were; otherwise everything was still, for the attendants were all in another tent, fast asleep. Suddenly, from a caravan near the entrance, came the sound of an angry female voice—it was the wife of the lion-tamer, abusing her husband as usual. Presently the door of the caravan opened, and I saw a neat little room, with muslin curtains and polished brass and pictures on the walls, as the light from the lamp streamed out into the dark tent, awaking the animals. Then the lion-tamer leaped down the steps in his shirt and trousers, and after him came his wife, a great red-faced virago, brandishing the little brass shovel from the fender. Round and round she chased him, and he dodged her, getting now behind the stork, which looked much scandalised by these proceedings, and now behind the stove, where a sick monkey was blinking nervously inside his blanket. All the beasts were now thoroughly awake, and watching the chase in the greatest excitement; the noise was fearful, the laughing jackass roared with merriment, the bear began to dance slowly with delight, the hyena yelled; only the stork was calm, and went on warming his wings whenever he could get out of the way. At last the woman tripped over the racoon's chain and fell—which seemed to amuse the jackass and the hyena more than ever. The man gave a desperate glance all round: already he felt the shovel on his shoulders, but for the moment he was free! I could see his eyes glare wildly as my beams fell upon them. All at once a thought appeared to strike him; the woman was on her feet already, and swearing at the little racoon—he had no time to spare. Before she could intercept him, he was up the steps of the lions' cage, and in the next instant had slipped in amongst them, closing the wicket behind him. There he stood, amongst the dusky growling beasts, breathing hard and looking pale—at least I thought so," said the Moon, "but safe! And the woman stood there on the trampled turf—baffled. She looked at her husband for a moment, with an expression of concentrated contempt, and then she said between her teeth, 'Come out, you *coward!*' Then one of those tiresome clouds passed before my face, and so I never knew whether he found the courage to come out or not."

PLAY-TIME.

THE Silver Falls and the gold tumbles in at the Adelphi. Messrs. PETTITT and SIMS have written a first-rate First Act to *The Silver Falls*. After this they seem to have become startled by their own originality, and to have said to one another, "Take care, SIMS! beware, PETTITT! we mustn't get too far away from the beaten track," and so, the other Acts, though picturesque and dramatic, are of a more conventional character. It lacks any one great sensation scene, but the interest is well sustained throughout, and it is capitally played. Mr. TERRISS is of course the hero, but he has none of those long platitudinous speeches, of which he seemed at one time so enamoured, as if ambitious of rivalling WILSON BARRETT in long-windedness. Mr. TERRISS is better than I've seen him for some time as *Eric Normanhurst*, and if he would only modulate his tones occasionally, the performance would be perfect of its kind. Heroes are terrible chaps for shouting, just as heroines are, as a rule, for screaming. Miss MILLWARD is an exception; she is charming as the good fairy, and Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE is diabolically delightful as the bad fairy, or evil genius, of the piece. *Elle ira loin*, "by the kind permission of Mr. JOHN HARE," who knew what he was about when he engaged Miss ALLGONE UPPERLEATHERS—I humbly beg her pardon, but I can't help it if she *will* be a "NETHERSOLE"—for his new Theatre. She hasn't the *physique* for great work, but what she does will be great, by comparison, and good. Let her beware of Messrs. Gasp and Guggle, two stage villains that ere now have choked off more than one promising and performing heroine.

The Silver Falls. The Guilt Falls.

A Norah'ble Tale.

Miss CLARA JECKS, sprightly, lively, and pathetic, is invaluable. I warrant she could be an "emergency woman," and come out as either of the heroines at shortest possible notice, and prove herself to be among the most useful of the Messrs. GATTI's sub-jecks. Mr. SHINE was better as the sailor in *The Union Jack* than he is as the nondescript general store-keeper, *Jack Slingsby*, but this is less his fault, I expect, than that of the authors, who have not made a character part of it. Clever actor, Mr. SHINE; didn't he play in something of Mr. GRUNDY's, a self-made millionnaire, in whose make-up there wasn't a trace of the moon-faced young SHINE as we now see him at the Adelphi, for he had completely taken the shine out of himself.

Mr. CARTWRIGHT'S dolorous, self-restrained, love-lorn, lunatic

villain is as good as it can be, though how good that is, only Messrs. SIMS and PETTITT can really judge. I don't understand the character. Does Mr. CARTWRIGHT? Do the authors? Was he always like this? or was he changed soon after his birth?

Mr. ROYCE CARLETON's *Dick Redmayne* is impressively and carefully played. It would be difficult to strike out anything new for such a thorough old *Reynolds's-Miscellany-London-Journal* type as this gentleman with the well-known draper's name, who is very nearly being caught red-main'd or red-handed in his nefarious work.

Mr. Beveridge (a whiskey neat Beveridge now). "Sure, I used to be a villain in all the other melodramas, and now, bedad, I'm a benevolent old uncle. Bless yez, me childher."

But the cast is chiefly notable for the wonderful transformation of Mr. BEVERIDGE. Up till now he has always been a scoundrel, a gentlemanly, smiling, sneering, *Iago*-like villain, and here we have him as a benevolent Irish Uncle—I daresay he'd make a good Dutch Uncle if required—with a soft persuasive brogue, countenance beaming with benevolence, and a manner with him—bedad—that makes the playgoer exclaim, "Sure, and what a *Father Tom* he'd make if they ever revive *Colleen Bawn!*" The *Colleen Bawn* was born to be drowned and revived, and there are few better dramas of our time than the *Colleen Bawn* and *Arrah-na-Pogue*. Perhaps I shouldn't say so if I saw them now; at all events for the present I'm satisfied with *The Silver Falls*. The scenery, by Messrs. BRUCE SMITH and WALTER JOHNSTONE is most effective.

I dropped into Covent Garden. Capital Circus; crowds of home-for-the-holiday boys enjoying every bit of it. Bear and Mastiff hold a *levée* during the *entr'acte*. A very taking entertainment is that of "The Compleat HENGLER" at Covent Garden. Yours,

JACK-IN-A-BOX.

P.S.—See *Le Voyage de M. Perrichon* at the Royalty. Messieurs DALBERT, LAGRANGE, and DOLNAY capital. JANE MAY, *la petite*, with part to match her size, but not big enough for her talents, charming. Roars of laughter.

A New Lode-Star.

"WESTWARD the Star of Empire takes its way:"
So—it is some time since—a bard could say.
But now the (social) West, its wealth, wit, worth,
Seem, like the needle, turning to the NORTH!

OUR ADVERTISERS.

HUNTING.—An exceptional chance is offered to an enthusiast of some organising capacity of enjoying a brisk ride to hounds in a country where there is at present no meet within fifty miles, by communicating with the Advertiser, who is anxious to dispose of his property, situated on the bleak side of a mountainous hill, together with several dogs collected with a view to their forming the nucleus of a local pack. The latter consist of a Beagle, a Blood-hound, a couple of Mastiffs, one blind; three performing Poodles, and a Pug Puppy, which, with a few additions, and a little attention and training, ought to afford capital sport when let loose on a tame Fox that has been purposely kept in a kennel on the premises. Though the vicinity is broken and rocky, there is a capital bit of straight country to be got in the railway cutting, where, in the intervals of traffic, a spirited mount, followed by a few amateur sportsmen, new to the work, could not fail to enjoy a fresh and exciting run. Apply to "Harkaway," Spavinhurst, Sellborough.

THE ANTI-RHEUMATICON WRAP.—This novel and excellent Waterproof Garment, combining all the protection of the Ulster with the lightness of the Dress Suit, can be worn in the Study, the Swamp, the Drawing-room, the Avalanche, at the Dinner Party, the Inundation, the *Bal Masqué*, in a Shower Bath, on the Moors, or at a funeral, with equal comfort and propriety.

THE ANTI-RHEUMATICON WRAP.—Order it of your Grocer or anywhere.

SUGGESTION FOR FOGGY WEATHER.

IN our Pantomimes, Ballets, Comic Operas, and even in the latest Shakspearian Revival at the Lyceum, the electric light is used as a brilliant star, not in sky, but in the hair. Why should not our Police be fitted up with batteries, so that in a fog they might render some assistance? Here is the idea:—

THE RULE OF THE ROD;

OR, BELGRAVIA VERSUS THE ISLE OF DOGS.

(Being a brief Dramatic Contrast arranged for and respectfully dedicated to the scrupulous Humanitarians of the day.)

DOWN WEST.

Official Sanctum in a great historic Public School. A delinquent, having been guilty of a breach of the discipline of the establishment, has been "reported" to the Head Master, who, armed with a birch-rod, is preparing to administer the usual corporal chastisement proper to the occasion.

Head Master (concluding a short admonitory harangue prior to coming to business). Well, PLANTAGENET, as I said before, I'm sorry to see you here; and I should say that when your father, the Duke, comes to hear of it, he will not be best pleased with you. However, if you will disgrace yourself by grave misconduct, you must take the consequences; and you know what those are. Come, Sir, you have got to receive your punishment. Bear it like a man.

[Giving a practical illustration of the wisdom of SOLOMON's precept, he administers a wholesome "swishing" to his youthful Lordship, who does "bear it like a man," and so receives a salutary lesson at a not unimportant crisis in his career, which he himself acknowledges, later on, has borne good fruit, and will continue so to do, no doubt, to the end of his life.

DOWN EAST.

Public Class-room of a modern Board-School. A delinquent has thrown an inkstand at the head of the Teacher, who has corrected him by the administration of three strokes on the hand with a cane, and is in consequence pursued by the delinquent's furious and aggrieved British father.

Furious and Aggrieved British Father (finishing a rabid attack on the Teacher, in the presence of all his pupils). Look 'ere! I don't care what he's done to you. There! It's no more than serves you right, I'll be bound. But I won't 'ave you taking a cane to my kid, and that's flat: and what's more, I means to 'ave the Law of you for it. I should like to know what we're a coming to in England, when a bloomin' teacher thinks he can come a bullying and a hectoring of it over the flesh and blood of the free and independent hard-working man! But I'll have the Law of you for it!

[Has,—with the result that, ignoring the wisdom of SOLOMON, a timid Magistrate fines the Teacher forty shillings, with the option of a "month," thereby reading the inkstand-throwing "kid" such a lesson at an important crisis in his career that he finds himself shortly afterwards safely launched for six years in a Reformatory.

THIS DREADFUL WEATHER!

STUDY OF A PATIENT AT THE BEDSIDE OF HIS SICK DOCTOR.

GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

Harlequin Ritchie, the Malignant Bogey of Bumbledom, and the Benign and Beauteous Spirit of the County Council.

A SINISTER past, and a future most pitchy,
The Bogey of Bumbledom seemed to present;
But, *hey presto!* Change! Clever Harlequin RITCHIE
Has waved his new wand, to the common content.
The Bogey may rave, and his satellites frown,
But up comes the Spirit, the Demon goes down!

That wand wonder-working, so skilfully wielded,
What world-weighting Incubus long could resist?
The Imp of Misrule has reluctantly yielded,
And sinks in despair in the mirk and the mist.
Of that mischievous nuisance the world is well rid—
If he does not return—which kind fortune forbid!

Pop up again? Possibly trimmed and transmogrified?
Perish the thought! 'Tis too bad to believe!
Too long has the Town been imp-ridden and ogreified.
Down with him! None for *his* going will grieve.
The callous of heart, the bemuddled of brain,
What man ever wants to behold him again?

The Stage he too long as dim despot has haunted,
Though every true heart at his rule has rebelled,
Yet mortals seemed somehow by malice enchanted,
The spell was maintained and the sorcery held.
Discomfited? Banished? What capital fun!
Hooray! Mr. Harlequin RITCHIE, well done!

And as for the Spirit of Splendour that rises
Beneath the wand's whisk as the Demon sinks down;
From the Radiant Realms of Reform's Sweet Surprises
It comes, so they tell us, and takes the whole Town.
'Tis veiled and gleams vaguely, if brightly. Well, well,
Let 's have hope from the Spirit, and faith in the spell!

We 'll trust that the scene is a true Transformation,
That Bumbledom 's banished for ever and aye;
That Harlequin's *bâton* will bless the whole nation,
His pantomime have a long run—yes, and *pay!*
The proof of the pudding 's to come; but there 's reason
To hold this the hopefullest piece of the season.

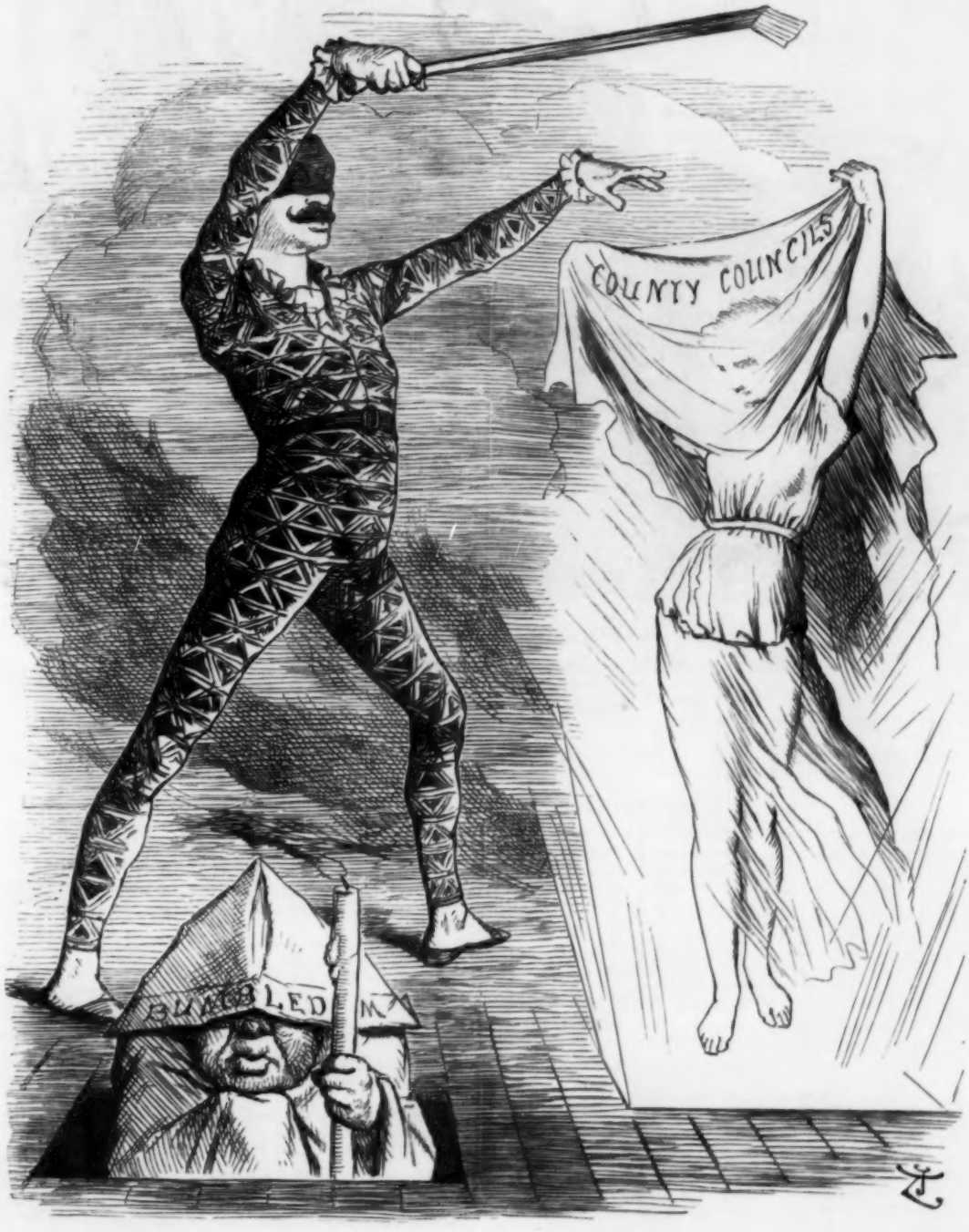
GOOSE AND GANDER.

NEVER was a clearer case of plagiary made out than by the writer of the article, "A Literary Coincidence," in last week's *Saturday Review*, against one Mr. SOUTHERN, who has written himself down as the originator of the plot of a play called *A False Position*, which, as proved by the *Saturday Reviewist*, is only the plot of *A Fish Out of Water*, an old farce, by one JOSEPH LUNN, *re-chauffé* with Southern sauce. But why come down so smartly on Mr. NOBODY, and palliate the picking up, by Mr. SOMEBODY, of such an unconsidered trifle as the essential situation in *Maritana*, to serve as the pivot of the "original" plot of *The Yeomen of the Guard*? There 's no harm done in either case, and as long as *Autolycus*, the Dramatic Author, has a spark of genius, let him take where he likes, improve, immortalise, and the public will be thankful. Only, in a matter of plagiarism, if a nonentity is to be whacked on the head, why is a celebrity to escape without even a rap on the knuckles? Excuse both, or condemn both; acquit neither.

Our Untired Spokesman.

MURRAY has published H.R.H.'s speeches.
A model of good taste and judgment each is,
And as a speaker he 's an out-and-outer.
Well, 'tis but just, that 's as it seems to me,
And natural that H.R.H. should be,
As Prince of Whales, a most accomplished spouter.

ON THE FACE OF IT.—By far the pleasantest feature in the last news from Burmah. Unquestionably the receding Chins!



THE "GRAND TRANSFORMATION"!!

PULL FLOQUET! PULL BOULANGER!

LAMBS AT THE LYCEUM.

IT is worth while recording what views CHARLES and MARY LAMB took of *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* in their delightful *Tales from Shakspeare*:—

"*Macbeth* had a wife, to whom he communicated the strange prediction of the weird sisters, and its partial accomplishment. She was a bad, ambitious woman, and so as her husband and herself could arrive at greatness, she cared not much by what means. She spurred on the reluctant purpose of *Macbeth*, who felt compunction at the thought of blood, and did not cease to represent the murder of the king as a step absolutely necessary to the fulfilment of the flattering prophecy."

Then of *Lady Macbeth's* reception of *Duncan*, which as a part of MISS ELLEN TERRY's performance I selected for especial praise last week, the innocent LAMBS say:—

"The King entered, well pleased with the place, and not less so with the attentions of his honoured hostess, *Lady Macbeth*, who had the art of covering treacherous purposes with smiles: and would look the innocent flower, while she was indeed the serpent under it."

Is not this Miss ELLEN TERRY's rendering to the very life of this particular scene?

The LAMBS' Tales were written for our innocent lambkins, and it is from this charming collection that so many of us, when children, have learnt the plots of SHAKSPEARE's plays, and the character of the persons who figure in them. Without making further quotation, I recommend the re-perusal of their story of *Macbeth*.

If Miss TERRY has considered the LAMBS' work as mere child's play, I should advise her to read it over carefully, for there is so much in their view of *Lady Macbeth's* character which so entirely accords with a part of her own view of it, and so much which her genius will at once adopt as representing the stern and repulsive side of the character. Miss ELLEN TERRY has conceded too much to her own sweet, natural self. She has made one "blend" of *Beatrice*, *Ophelia*, and *Lady Macbeth*, in which the awful characteristics of the last have been toned down. *Lady Macbeth*, say the LAMBS, "reproached him with his want of firmness," and, as I observed last week, after witnessing the first performance, this infirmity of purpose is the keynote to *Macbeth's* character and to that of his wife. I am delighted to find myself corroborated in every particular by the gentle but judicial LAMBS.

JACK IN THE BOX.

On a Statesman's Voice.

(*By an Anti-Gladstonian.*)

THE remnant of a Voice! Naples indeed
May make that once fine organ whole and hearty;
If not, the remnant of a Voice may lead
The remnant of a Party.

How the Poor Live.

"FROM hand to mouth," says someone. Alas! that is, in many cases, just how they do *not* live. For the multitude of hands deprived of work have little indeed to carry to the mouths so often empty of food. When they can really live from hand to mouth they live in comparative comfort.

THE TEETOTALLER'S FRIEND.—*Phyllozera.*

OUR VILLAGE INSTITUTE SOIRÉE.

Rector's Wife (hysterically). "HERE 'S A NOTE COME FROM THOSE WAGSHAWS! THEY ASK ME TO PLAY AND SING DURING THE EVENING; BECAUSE, THEY SAY—THEY WANT THE YOUNG AND ATTRACTIVE WOMEN TO ASSIST AS WAITRESSES!!" [*Tableau.*

ROBERT ON THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

I HAVE bin waited upon, I thinks they calls it, by sum too or three most respectfool looking Gents, ewidently with their werry best close on, to hask me to give my wotes to serten other Gents who didn't wait upon me but who wants for to be elected Common Councilmen for all London, xcept of course the sacred City, which is allreddy worry well purwided with that most nessessary article. I 'm told as this is the werry fust time as sitch elections has taken place, and that it is dun in hopes as the rest of the great Metropilus will then be looked after and atended to in the werry same degree of purfexion as the great City itself. Such being the case, my arnser to my warious visiters has bin, that, afore promising my himportant wote and my still more himportant hinterest to any Candiddate, I feels it my dooty to make further inquirys, and which I has done with the following raythor singerler results.

In the werry fust place, there won't be arf enuff on 'em for to do the work, for if as it takes over 200 Common Consilmen to rule the City, witch I confess I am hastonished to hear is ony one mile big, how can about 120 of the same kind of Gents, but without any of their 700 years xperiense govern all the hole of the rest of London which I am told is about 100 times bigger?

That 's the fust staggering question as I shall put to my Candiddates when they calls agane. My second bit of hinformashun is ewen more staggering, and betrays such a hutter amount of hignorance of uman nature in them as makes our laws as ort to make 'em blush when they hears it menshuned. Wood it be bleeved after the xperience as the hole world has had of the fust grand cause of the brillyant sucksess of the old Copperashun on the right hand, and of the utter failure of the Bored of Wurks on the left, wiz., the habundant supply of such means as Natur suggests for enabling all public men to live together in peace and unity, or such a hutter habsence of them as keeps 'em all famished and snarling, the Members of the New Counsil is not to be alloud to have nuffin in the shape of elegant repasting unless they pays for 'em out of their hone empty pockets!

"NEW APPOINTMENTS, SCENERY, AND COSTUMES."—Prince Henry of Battenberg, K.G., has been appointed Governor and Captain General of the Isle of Wight, and Governor of Carisbrooke Castle. Old England is safe at last!!

Supposing as them as settled all these most himportant matters had just condescended to consult such xperienced hands as me and BROWN, what could we not have told 'em! How many and many 's the time as I have seen about a duzzen or twenty Common Councilmen enter the dining-room of one of our nice City Tavverns, all a torking loudly and angrily at one another, and aperiently amost reddy to cum to blos. Well, they settles down to their nice little dinner, and the amost providenshal adwent of the werry hot soup gives 'em time to forget their trubbles and differences; and then I fills their glasses with a bumper of fine old Sherry; and then won of the wiolentest and noisyest of 'em all, after holding his glass up to the light, calls out across the table to the gent as he 's bin a pitching into like fewry, and says, with quite a raydiant smile, "JONES, my boy, a glass of wine." And then JONES replies, with another jolly grin, and says, "With all

NEW READINGS FOR FUTURE SHAKSPEARIAN REVIVALS.

my heart, SMITH," and down goes the wine to the last drop, and they 're the werry best of frends for the rest of the evening. Now, I puts it to any reesonable being as is at all aquainted with human natur, coud the same glorius result have bin obtained with merely a cut off a joint and a glass of water, and pay for it yourself? And the ony trew anser must be, *Never!*

I wunders if the not werry clever heds as made up this Bill has thort about how the new Machine is to get started on its wild career. I'm told that, as a werry good joke, they are to begin their never-ending work on the Fust of April! that being the most apropriat day as coud be selected. Well, that ain't so werry long to cum, so praps sumboddy will kindly tell us where they 're a going for to meet, as they carnt bild a werry ansum Bilding in less than three munse. They ain't to have no Lord Mare, pore fellers, but ony a Mare, like little West Am or little Croydon, and, as they ain't got no Sword of Power, or Mace of Dignity, or Feild Marshall of Honner, they won't be abel to have much of a Sho on the fust of April. The ony chance as I sees for 'em is, for the Strand electors to choose Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, and the assembled Counsillors to choose him as Mare, and then there wood be sum opes for 'em.

I am sorry they won't have no Mace, as I had the fond dream of one day carrying it in Persession, and I thinks that all as knos me will agree that I shoud praps have hadded a degree of dignity to the office as no Jewvenile, however harrystocratic in his bearing, coud possibly equal.

I shall try and be in the gallery at their werry fust meetings. It

BUSY BISMARCK PIPING TO THE REPTILE PRESS.

How doth the little "Bizzy" Press
Delight to spit its spite,
To store up venom night and day,
And vent it day and night.

How skilfully it shapes its sells,
How neatly spreads its lies,
And wriggles here and flounders there
When slandered Truth replies.

The mouthpiece it of Bizzy One,
And eke of Bizzy Two;
Both Bizzies find some dirty work
For its foul hands to do.

WHERE IS WONDERLAND?

AIR—"*Fatherland*," *by Herr George Groschmidt.*

"ALICE" *was* a book
That every fancy took,
And oh my! how it did sell!
It was illustra-
ted in wondrous way
By our Mister TENNIEL.

Thus immortalised,
It was dramatised
By a Savile-Clarkely hand;
And the Globe Theay-
ter *en matinée*
Is the present Wonderland.

A GRACEFUL FAREWELL.

WE went in our thousands to bid Miss GRACE DAMIAN farewell at her Concert last Wednesday. She was enthusiastically received, and carried a magnificent bouquet, not the same one all through, but fresh each time she came on the platform. She asked us melodiously and passionately for the thousandth time, Could we "forget that lovely night in June?" and we replied, "No, we couldn't, never would, and never wanted to!" and shall be delighted to be reminded of the thrilling events of that particular night whenever Miss GRACE DAMIAN returns to these shores. If there be one "guilty creature sitting at a" concert who doesn't wish to be reminded of that "lovely night in June," then I pity him when Miss DAMIAN'S eyes fix him mesmerically, and her deep voice asks him with awful intensity, "Can you for-*get?*" I dare say, ere this, many a trembling creature has been carried out fainting, utterly overcome by emotion, and murmuring, "Damian'd if I can stand it any longer! She's overwhelming! Take me out, and freshen me." An excellent entertainment. All hands had plenty to do, and a FOOTE was conspicuous by his absence. Miss GRACE DAMIAN was a hostess in herself. *Bon voyage, et au revoir!*

WE CAN'T LET WELLS ALONE.—The Dean of WELLS!—What a number of truths—not a number of *Truth*—he would have in his possession if he could only get to the bottom of his Wells in the Deanery! His latest book is excellent. But this must be the limit of his knowledge, as he cannot get beyond mortal Ken.

will be worry good fun, I shood think, to see how naterally the Lion of St. Georges Hannower Square will lie down with the Lam of Bethnal Green or Whitechappel, and how artily they will agree in little matters of xpense. It may be werry interesting to the Sanniterry Committee to have to lissen to the reports of the fifty or sixty Sanniterry Hinspecters, but I shood think it wood be rayther monnytonnus, and wood most suttenly justify the horder of "Glasses all round!"

ROBERT.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SNAKE-CHARMING. — Your attempt to "charm" the large Boa Constrictor presented to you by your Calcutta friend by pursuing it round the drawing-room, beating a frying-pan and a Chinese dinner-gong, and playing "*Home! Sweet Home!*" on the Ophicleide, though happily conceived, was perhaps a little risky; and the fact that it turned upon you, hissing, seems to indicate that some rather less exciting method of gaining its confidence might prove more efficacious. It is fortunate that it eventually got into the grand piano. Keep it shut up in the instrument for the present. By all means get a dentist to draw its teeth as soon as possible, and, if you cannot persuade your own private practitioner to try his hand, take it in a cab to the Dental Hospital. With regard to its food, you cannot do better than continue the diet of blankets and rabbits, on which it seems to have subsisted since it has come into your charge; but any shilling Handbook on the *Management of the Boa Constrictor* will give you the information you require. Don't worry yourself about the amount of the reward you ought to offer if it escapes. Time enough to do this when it does. But you may be quite sure that anyone in the neighbourhood who gets hold of it will only be too happy to let you have it back again for eighteenpence.

DISPOSING OF A STEAM-ROLLER.—Certainly, if you desire to surprise him, the best way to present your Uncle in the country with a steam-roller you wish to get rid of, will be take it down yourself. This is of course in the event of CARTER, PATERSON & Co. refusing to deliver it, or it being found impossible to entrust it for transmission to the Parcels Post. Your idea of tacking on to it a couple of waggons, two or three bathing-machines, and a gipsy-van, and taking down a German band, with as many relatives as you can get to join you, is a decidedly happy inspiration; and your proposed arrival on your Uncle's lawn to greet him at breakfast, ought certainly to come upon him in the shape of a startling and agreeable surprise. It would be as well, for the purpose of proving the efficacy of the steam-roller with which you are about to present him, that you should enter his grounds, not by the ordinary lodge-gates, but through a brick-wall. Having levelled all his geranium-beds and cucumber-frames in a little tour round his premises, you can attract his attention by blowing off steam in front of his breakfast-window. By following these lines, you will not fail to please and surprise your Uncle on informing him you have come to make him the present you propose, and whether he accept it or not, you will have got rid of your steam-roller.

A SKATING match in the very coldest weather must be highly unsatisfactory, as the course itself will melt away during the first heat.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

"WELCOME ALWAYS, KEEP IT HANDY, GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY."
Of all Dealers. Beware of Imitations.
Manufactured by
T. GRANT & SONS, MAIDSTONE.

J. EXSHAW & CO.'S
FINEST OLD BRANDY.
42s. per doz. in Cases as imported.
T. W. STAPLETON & Co., 289, Regent Street, W.

LIQUEUR OF THE
Gde. CHARTREUSE.
This delicious Liqueur, which has lately come so much into public favour on account of its wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants throughout the Kingdom, and at a considerably less price than formerly. Sole Consignees, W. LOY I.E. & Co., Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

VINTAGE 1884.
ROPER FRÈRES'
FIRST QUALITY
CHAMPAGNE.

FLOR DE JAVA
MILD INDIAN CIGARS
of an exquisitely choice flavour and delicate aroma.
9d., 10d., and 12s. per Box of 100, Post Free.
Samples, 4 and 5 for 1s. (14 stamps).
BEWLAY & CO.,
49, Strand, and 143, Cheapside.
(Agents for Great Britain.)

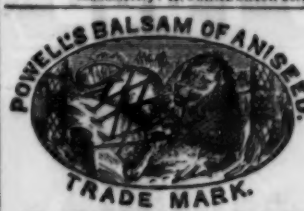
KURE-QUIC.
Quinine Cure for Colds and Influenza.
NEVER FAILS.
KURE-QUIC
for Neuralgia.
gives quick relief
in
KURE-QUIC
Cures the worst Cold in a few Hours.
"I find it a Blessing in the House for Children or Adults." writes A MOTHER.
KURE-QUIC.
Best Quinine Tonic sold. For Colds, Neuralgia, and Debility.
2s. 6d. per Bottle. Of all Chemists, and F. NEWBERY & Sons, London.

NEWSBURY & BROWN'S
Oriental Tooth Paste.
Of all Perfumers and Chemists.
1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Post. 40 years in use in the Highest Circles.
NEWSBURY & BROWN.

GOLDEN HAIR.—ROBARE'S AUREOLINE produces the beautiful Golden Colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. and 10s. 6d., of all principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the World. Agents, R. Hovenden & Sons, 31 and 32, Berners Street, London, W.

THE DIAMOND MARK.
TO SECURE THE BEST
HUNGARIAN APERIENT WATER,
DEMAND THE
DIAMOND MARK,
and insist upon receiving the
HUNGARIAN APERIENT WATER
SOLD BY THE
Apollinaris Co. Limited,
LONDON.
And all Druggists & Mineral Water Dealers.

"AVOID BULGY SHIRT FRONTS"
(Many apologies to Mr. Punch),
AND TRY
FITZGERALD'S SHIRTS,
which give perfect comfort in evening dress. These shirts can be had in every size ready for wear at
68, FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.,
where Cutter is at work and will take orders.
Manufactory: 44, Patrick Street, Cork. Established over a quarter of a century.

POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISEED.

TRADE MARK.
POWELL'S
BALSAM
OF
ANISEED.
For COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. Sold by Chemists throughout the world. No family should be without it. Paris, Berni, Roberts, Hoegg; Brussels, Pharmacie Polleun; Geneva, Baker; Rotterdam, Masten Kniff. Established over 50 years. Prepared only by
THOMAS POWELL, Blackfriars Road, London.

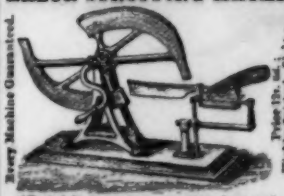
MAPPIN & WEBB'S
TABLE KNIVES.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
CLARKE'S
WORLD-FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE.
Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the blood and bones. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of all Chemists. Proprietors, Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Co., Lincoln. BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

GENTLEMEN'S WIGS.
PERFECT IMITATIONS OF NATURE.
Weightless, no wiggy appearance. Instructions for self-measurement on application.
CHAS. BOND & SON,
445, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.
Specialists also for Ladies' Wigs and Sculpettes.

NUDA VERITAS HAIR RESTORER.

For Twenty-Two Years acknowledged to be superior to all other Hair Restorers. Most effectual, harmless, and permanent.
NUDA VERITAS restores grey or faded hair to its original colour.
NUDA VERITAS prevents hair falling.
NUDA VERITAS causes growth on bald spots.
NUDA VERITAS is sold in cases at 10s. 6d. by all Perfumers, Chemists, &c., from whom Circulars may be had.
Agents: R. HOVENDEN & SONS, 31 and 32, Berners Street, W., and 91–95, City Road, E.C., London.

THE "PREMIER" RAZOR STROPPING MACHINE

Every Machine Guaranteed.
Price 12s. 6d. In Leather Case, with Polished Mahogany Slab, 21s.
"Tested in every way, on razors keen and razors blunt, the machine is perfection. There is no trouble, science, or skill involved in its use. You merely fix your razor in the holder, edge downwards, turn a handle slowly for a few seconds, and, behold the weapon is as keen—well, let us say, as a razor should be."—EXTRACT OF TESTIMONIAL.
J. GORDON, Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.—The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncé" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using ÆRINE. Sold only by W. WINTER, 479, Oxford St., London. Price 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For blotching grey or faded Hair ÆRINE is invaluable.

LOHSE'S
(MAIGLÖCKCHEN)
LILY
OF THE
VALLEY
PERFUME
is the most fashionable of the day, sold by all high class Perfumers.
GUSTAV LOHSE, BERLIN.

USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.
THE BEST
FOOD
FOR
INFANTS.
In Tins, 1s., 2s., 5s. and 10s. each.
SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON,
AND SOLD EVERYWHERE.

FOR ASTHMA & C
DATURA TATULA
FOR SMOKING AND INHALATION.
SAVORY & MOORE, London,
And of Chemists everywhere.

HEALTH·STRENGTH
VIGOUR
·LONG·LIFE·
Guaranteed by the use of HUNT'S FAMILY PILLS. Large numbers of people in robust health can testify to the truth of this assertion, having regulated themselves entirely by these Pills for over 30 years. One pill will invariably relieve, and a little perseverance radically cure, either a Torpid Liver, Costiveness, Indigestion, Pains in the Back or Head, Influenza or Feverish Cold, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Flatulency or Giddiness. They RESTORE BRIGHTNESS TO THE EYE, CLEARNESS TO THE COMPLEXION, SHARPNESS TO THE INTELLECT AND ENERGY TO BOTH MIND AND BODY. To Ladies they are invaluable. Sold everywhere, in boxes, 1s. 1½d. & 2s. 9d. Wholesale Agents, WILCOX & CO., 238, Oxford Street, London; post free.

A PLEASURE TO USE. Never Requires Grinding.

KROPP
REAL GERMAN HOLLOW-GROUND
RAZOR.
Mr. HEN. Irving writes: "I find your razors excellent." In Case, complete, Black Handle, 5/6; Ivory Handle, 7/6
From all Dealers, or direct from the English Depôt, 61, Fifth St., S.-ho Sq., Lond., W.

"The most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man."—BEN JONSON.
LLOYD'S
P & O
THE ABSOLUTELY PERFECT
SMOKING MIXTURE.
At all Tobacconists and Stores, in PACKETS ONLY.
R. LLOYD AND SONS, HOLBORN BARS, E.C.

PERRY DAVIS'
VEGETABLE
PAIN-KILLER
Get a bottle to-day of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, the Oldest, Best, and most widely-known Family Medicine in the World. It instantly Relieves and Cures severe Scalds, Burns, Sprains, Bruises, Toothache, Headache, Pains in the Side, Joints, and Limbs, and all Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains. Any Chemist can supply it at 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle.

COLT'S
DOUBLE-ACTION
ARMY REVOLVER,
as supplied to H.M. War Department.
COLT'S SINGLE-ACTION ARMY REVOLVER, as adopted by the United States Government.
COLT'S "FRONTIER" PISTOL takes the Colt and Winchester Magazine Rifle Cartridge, 44 cal.
COLT'S HOUSE REVOLVER, POCKET REVOLVER, and DERINGER, for the Vest pocket; best quality only. Colt's Revolvers are used all over the world.
COLT'S DOUBLE-BARRELLED SHOT GUNS and LIGHTNING MAGAZINE RIFLES, for India and the Colonies. Price List free.
COLT'S FIREARMS Co., 14, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

Burgoyne's
Australian Wines.

'K'
BOOTS.

The GOLD MEDAL of the International Health Exhibition, London, has been awarded for this Food; and it is recommended by the LANCET and the entire Medical Press.

For INFANTS.

BENGER'S FOOD

CHILDREN, and INVALIDS.

The British Medical Journal says:—"Benger's Food has by its excellence established a reputation of its own."

The London Medical Record says:—"It is retained when all other Foods are rejected."

TINS—1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s., of Chemists, &c., Everywhere, or Post Free from the Makers,

MOTTERSHEAD & CO., 7, Exchange St., and Otter Works, MANCHESTER.

MANUFACTURERS'
CLEARANCE from the MILLS.

GIGANTIC SALE

OF FASHIONABLE

Dress Goods

FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY.

To quickly dispose of the Large Stocks of New Fashionable Goods left over consequent on the mild winter, HENRY PEASE & CO.'S SUCCESSORS are making great concessions in price. Full Dress Lengths of the most Exquisite and Fashionable Materials for a Few Shillings. Patterns marked down in price, sent free on approval to any address. Ladies will be astounded at the value offered, and the manner in which the prices have been marked down to effect a speedy clearance. All parcels Carriage Paid in Great Britain. A Sixpenny Telegram to "Successors, Darlington," will bring the Clearance Sale Box of Patterns (containing an unlimited choice) by return of post. Never before have such bargains been possible. Any length cut, and any article not approved will be changed within seven days.

HY. PEASE & CO.'S SUCCRS., Spinners and Manufacturers, The Mills, Darlington.

Allen & Hanburys'

A Castor Oil

Tasteless. Pure. Active.

Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/, 1/9 & 3/.

"Salt Regal is a grateful cup at all times. Refreshing — Agreeable — Recuperative — Health-giving — Health-preserving — Quite distinct from all other Saline Preparations. An entirely New Saline."

Protected by H.M. Royal Letters Patent.

Over Fifty Patents, Registrations, and Trade Marks.

SALT REGAL

Instantly destroys impurities in the system, and fortifies the body against the attacks of disease.

SALT REGAL is not a copy of or an imitation of any previously existing Saline preparation, but an entirely new invention, in which principles hitherto unknown to science have been applied in the formation of a perfect saline. SALT REGAL will cleanse the Mouth, Throat, and Stomach at one operation, dispersing Sick Headache like a charm, and speedily eradicating Flatulence, Feverishness, Acidity, and all kindred troubles, imparting to the system a vigorous tone of exhilaration. No depressing influences attend its use. SALT REGAL changes to a Rose colour during effervescence, and develops an antiseptic, thus possessing a distinct individuality. Messrs. FRITZ & CO. will pay handsomely for satisfactory evidence of infringement of either their Patents or Trade Marks. SALT REGAL is not only a delightful drink for the hot weather, but for all seasons, all climes, all the year round. In bottles hermetically sealed, 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Patentees and Sole Proprietors, FRITZ & CO., SALT REGAL WORKS, FLEET STREET, LIVERPOOL.

London Depot: 23, Lime Street, E.C.

Pears' Soap

"THE SHAVER'S DELIGHT."

12 MONTHS' LUXURY FOR 12 PENCE. (A Shilling Shaving Stick lasts a Year.)

CADBURY'S

COCOA IS ABSOLUTELY PURE

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 39, Loraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, January 19, 1889.